

ABOUT Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

FRITZI SCHEFF is to star in musical comedy again. George Anderson, the w. k. husband of the prima donna, announces that on Nov. 27 he will present her for public approval in "Husbands Guaranteed." Also, that he will be in the cast. "Husbands Guaranteed" has been adapted from a Viennese semi-musical show of the lighter variety, by Joseph Herbert. Abroad the production had but four numbers. On this side of the Atlantic it will have eighteen, the additional songs having been composed by August Kleinbeck. So much for that end of the Scheff news!

Now, it may be stated that Miss Scheff "walked out on" the Palace management yesterday afternoon at exactly 12:10 o'clock, and as a result not a Scheff warble will be heard at that playhouse this week—or any other week, asserts said management. The singer objected, because her name in the theatre's billing was not in larger type than those of Rock and White and Chic Sale. A sign in the theatre's lobby explained things. Mr. Anderson says his wife was justified in her action, since a clause in her contract specifically states that she must be "sole and exclusive headliner" at the Palace. That is through with vaudeville for the present. That is also what the U. H. O. people say.

EMMA DUNN HERE OCT. 30. Lee Kugel has arranged to present Emma Dunn, in Rachel Crother's comedy, "Old Lady B," at the Thirtieth Street Theatre on Oct. 30. The play is a dramatization of a novel of the same name by the late Louisa Follen. This will be Miss Dunn's first stellar role. Reports from other cities where the play has been seen are decidedly complimentary. An excellent cast will support Miss Dunn.

ARE WE PROUD? WELL, SAY! Though, as everybody knows, we're distressingly modest, we're going to control our shrinking violet impulses just this once and print a nice rhyme P. J. J. has written about us. Here's the rhyme:

Dear Abijah, my boy, if I have your name right, "By Way of Diversion" was missing last night. What happened, old top? Did you run out of rhyme? Don't do it again. We'll excuse you this time. Why, that's what I look for each night after tea, and my kid—he's just ten—is as anxious as me. Old Silas McGuggin, in Peewee's store, a man who'll eat pie is the rest of your love. You'll pardon my being familiar, I hope, but honest to goodness, you've got the right dope. Keep it, it's really good stuff. I could read it forever. I can't get enough. But nix on bouquets, or you'll say with a smile, "That fellow's got Ellabelle beaten a mile."

BY WAY OF DIVERSION. (By P. J. J.) Said Silas McGuggin, in Peewee's store: "Thanksgiving is coming and listen, I've sworn to keep off of cranberries, pies and the stuff that brings indignation and makes you feel tough. I'll eat just some beans and an egg on that day. No fancy cooked foods—not a one! They don't pay. The women can have 'em, but I've got some sense. A man who'll eat pie is a fool and he's dense." "Why, Silas!" said Grandpa McGee, breaking in, "I reckon I've got to correct you again. 'Twas only last month that you won the first prize out at the church picnic for eatin' twelve pies. You eat 'em so rapid you had me amazed. Says I: 'On mince pie Si McGuggin was raised.' You shore was a pie-face—a glutton. Indeed, I never seen human exhibit much greed." "Amen!" came from Silas. "McGee, you're a fool. You talk like a top-aided chump, as a rule. If I was you, Grandpa, I'd go to Doc. Litt and see if my brain wasn't missing a bit." At that Silas left with a scowl on his face. Said Grandpa: "This looks like an out and out case of talkin' too much." Then he laughed till he cried. "I wonder," said Jed, "if Sil has that egg fried!"

GOSSIP. "The Show of Wonders" will open at the Winter Garden a week from Thursday. William Seymour, formerly with Charles Frohman, is now general stage director of the Punch and Judy Theatre for Charles Hopkins. Cosmo Hamilton has written a musical comedy for the Messrs. Shubert and is dramatizing "The Sign of the Cross." Anna Pavlova introduced a new number called the Pavlova Polka in

BONEHEAD BILL

By Jack Callahan



"S'MATTER, POP?"

It's Plain to Be Seen That Pop Is Strongly for Peace!

By C. M. Payne



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

As a Choice Between Two Evils He Prefers Shivering to Fighting!

By Bud Counihan



FLOOEY AND AXEL

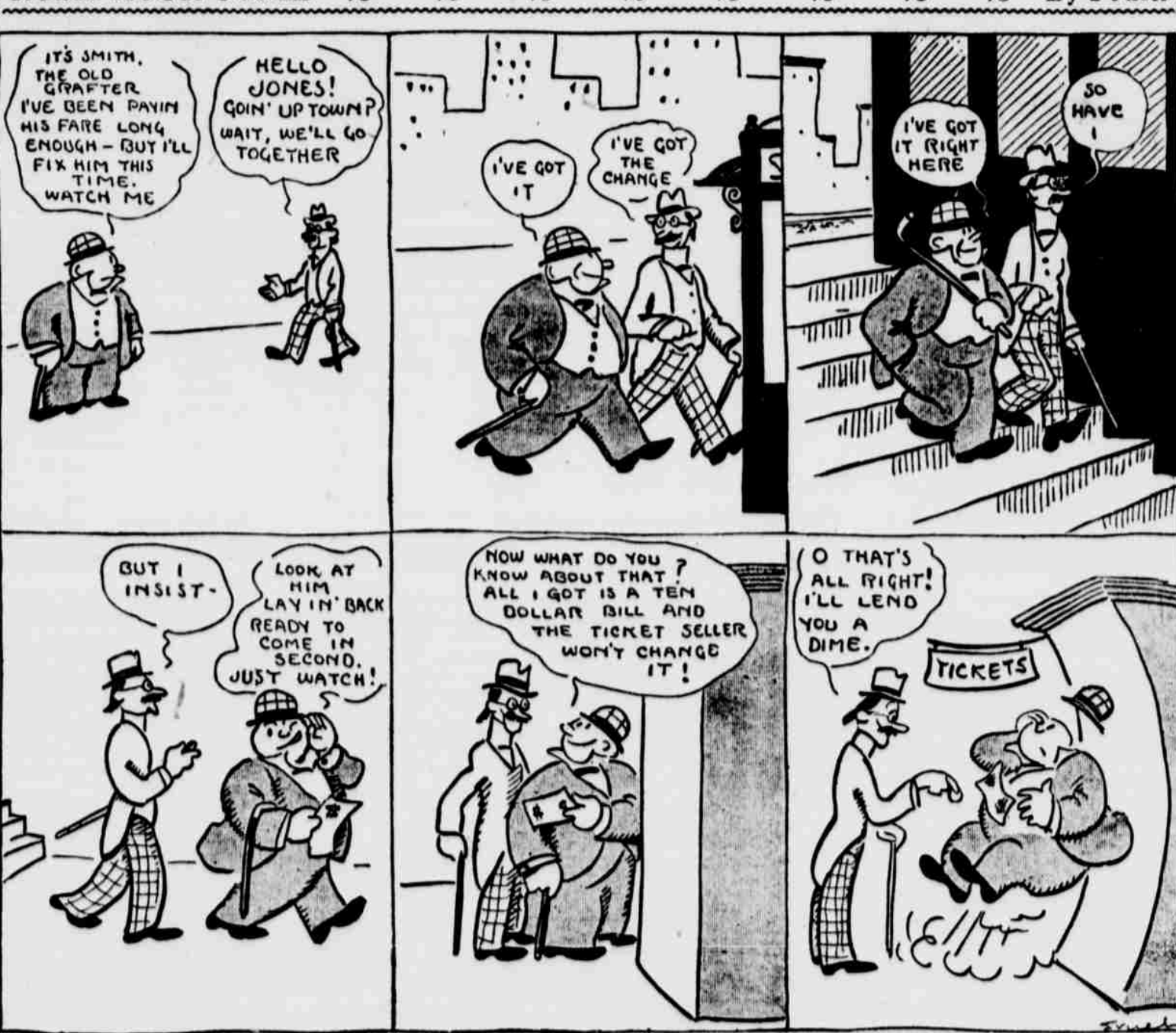
Again We Say Axel Isn't Half as Simple as He Looks!

By Vic



RUSH HOUR JONES

By Frueh



Forcing the Pace.

GEORGE GORDON, an old man of miserly habits, was dying. By the time the lawyer arrived the old man was rapidly sinking, but he will was smartly drawn up and duly awaited his signature. He was propped up in bed, and managed to write, "George Gor," then he fell back exhausted.

An eager relative who stood by seized the pen and stuck it in the dying man's hand.

"Oh, George, 'd," he urged, referring to the next letter of the signature.

The old man glanced up wrathfully. "Den!" he exclaimed. "I'll see when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch!"—St. Louis Post.

Unequaled

for washing ALL clothes hygienically clean, sweet smelling and sanitary.

VAN'S NORUB has stood the test of years and stands to-day without an equal.

NO RUBBING REQUIRED
5c & 10c At all dealers.
VAN ZILE CO., Mfrs.,
West Hoboken, N. J.

